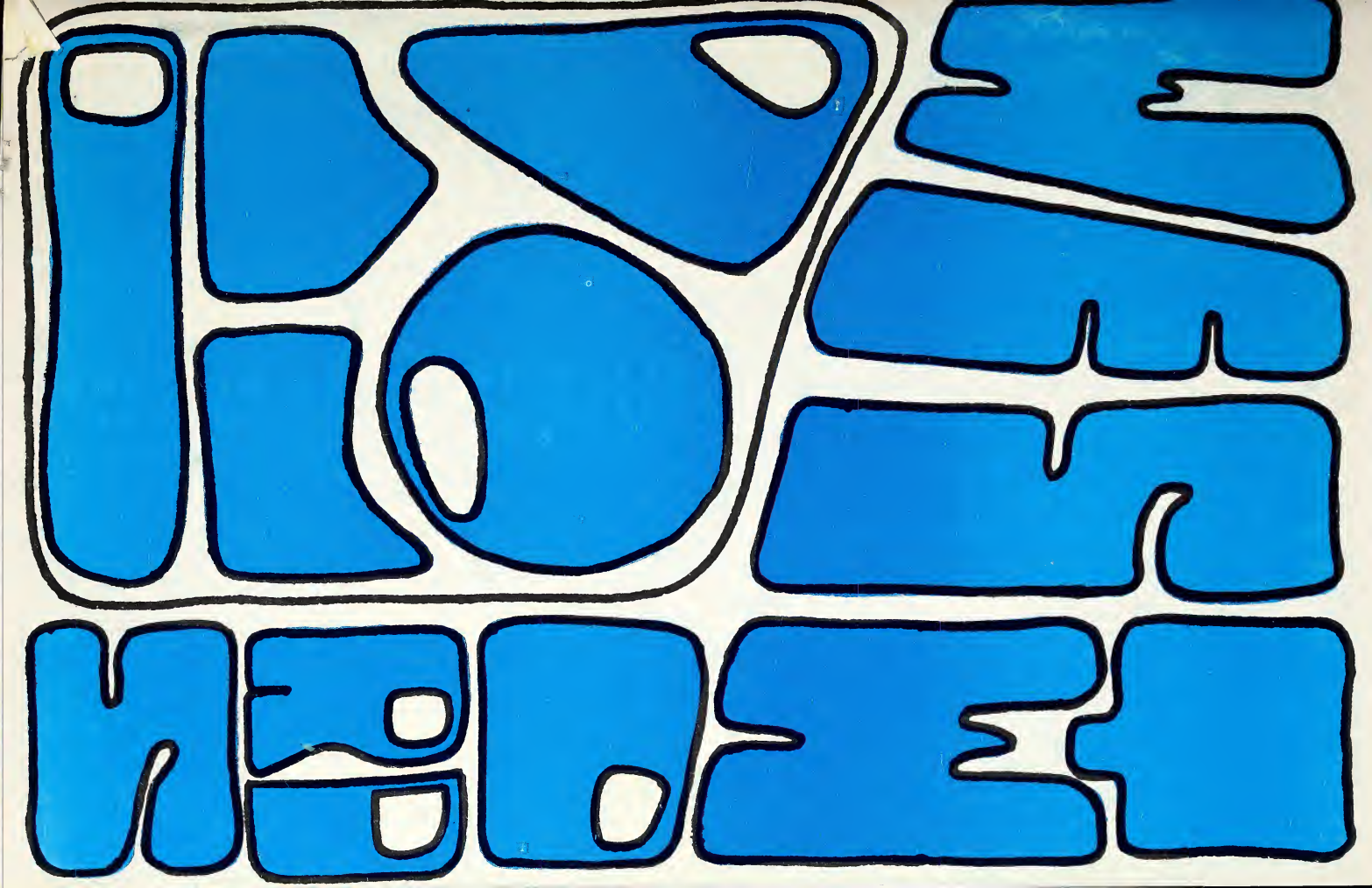
HIDE
AND
SEEK

Volume 10 —— Number 3
September, 1967

WESTWORDS is published
quarterly by the students
of Mount St. Mary's College,
Los Angeles, California

The Staff

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MOUNT ST. MARY'S
ARCHIVES

"Don't let anyone persuade you
that things are or recently were as good
as they can become. We are still on the
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great deal more to be done . . . . .

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Editor's Note

Motion on the Mount

The cover for WESTWORDS this season hints at transition, motion and activity.

Once again we begin a new autumn where the earth is opulent and promising, looking forward to many more autumns, winters and springs.

Like the world around us, the Mount, faculty and students are "happening." This year marks another step in progress as we begin a new quarter system and a revised curriculum. We have a great deal to accomplish this year in studies and activities, and the Mount is in the autumn of her promise: she too looks forward to many more fruitful years.

These pages present the beginning molds of rich ideas which we give you to shape . . . . .

Francine

Song for Naomi

The land of homecoming
Curves to your sweep,
wind,
Wind, bending to Bethlehem
Milk-white along the sky;
And summer's barley
Ripens once more,
sun,
Sun , honey-warm down the hills
Rustling
joy,
Joy in the deep soft heat..
Going, I have come rejoicing
To barley wind-bent and honey
Warm against the sky,
my love.

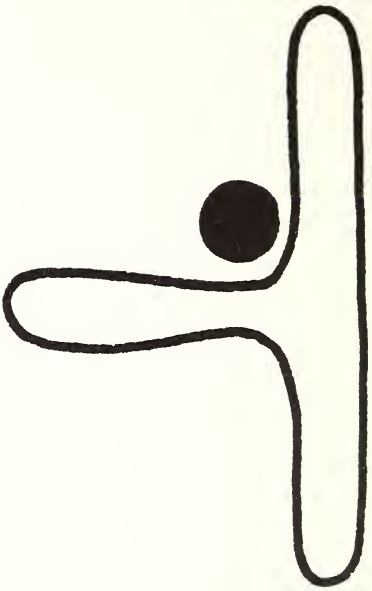
SISTER MARIA JOSEPH HAUNFELDER

Deception

Ivy is a two-faced plant.

It can be poison

Even while it clings.



The Brink

I do not know why

Greenness Springs so high

Only to Fall in brown leaves.

The Seasons

One takes a deep breath

To blow up balloons, to scatter seeds,

Or to sigh.

Autumn Is A Goblin

Flowers spread legends of people
Enchanted by emerald witches into willows.
Fairytales wind as web around windows
As gaily as three winds in a game
Of green shining, of grey and gold play.
From the boxwood maze, a cursed peacock strays.
Even roses caught in magic amber land
Are red-overwrought with orange sighs.
A leaf falls from its tower.
Autumn has begun its goblin hour.

KATHY KIMBALL

Rib-Fruit

They say we are
a gentler breed,
barely turning the grasses
walking doe-fine and delicate
still and careful

But I, for one, am savage and quick,
long-winged pelting
from skies like storm.

I came from lurking, primeval shadows
——came slavering after sleds,
low-slung loping over burning snows.

They tell you we are
water-deep and coolly molding stones
——forgetting that
the oiled unrippled sea
is forever currented,
forever somewhere crashing.

They warn you, unknowing,
that we are like the quiet stars
piercing all the so-silent distance
with our burning.

KATHY HAVERICK

Advent of the Wind

They say March brings the seasoned wind. My kite
is yellow from white and dandelions are straight
with quiet cold. But still I'll watch, I'll wait
for the wind. The sky is cloud-struck; trees tight-
fitted with leaves. I never thought it right
that April came so sun-silent, so late
without wind to move the water or create
a swirl of sand ribs. One red night
I felt the coming wind. Now in mid-May
I sat before a round window open
to shadow-sounds of slender trees.
With no remorse the drunken wind sway-
sung clothes lines and telephone poles. Then
in the pink morning I woke to a tired breeze.

MARYANN RUSSO

The Big Bird

TERESA LEDDY NGU

Zuuu–uuuu–uuuuu–uuuu

I remember the sound very well. I remember the very day and the hour it started. It was one of those sunny days which used to make everyone lazy and weak.

Papa Mada was sitting at the head of the stationary table which had been in the family for twenty years. He was shaping a small mango tree in the shape of a fork in order to replace one of the legs of the table which had been devoured by white ants.

Atok was watching how Papa Mada was shaping the mango branch, and the sweet odor that exuded from the branch made Atok wish he could go to the bush and pick some fruit. He was just wondering whether the storm which blew yesterday was strong enough to shake the branches and release the ripe mangoes. This thought had so occupied his mind that he forgot to do what Titi had asked him.

Titi was too busy to notice that Atok had neglected her request. She was on the other side of the table near a three-stoned fireside preparing aschu soup in a royal mud skillet. She lifted her head, revealing eyes as red as a big head rose from South Africa. She stared at Atok for a minute and said with the sweetest voice I ever heard, "Give Papa water for wash iy hand them, Atok." Having returned to her task, and then once again raising her eyes, she saw that Atok was still seated and had not made a move to do her bidding. She resignedly went to get the water herself.

As soon as she began pouring the water into a bowl, a strange sound was heard like the echo of thunder from a neighboring village. Zuuu–uuuu–UUU–UUUU–UUUUUUUUU . . . . The sound grew louder and louder.

Papa Mada jumped up and dashed towards the front door. Titi dropped the bowl of water and followed Papa Mada. Atok ran towards the window and as he went by his tiny feet stumbled over Titi's gorgeous mud skillet and broke it. In spite of this, he was the first person to get outside. I ran towards the back door to meet death from behind the house or to run from it in that direction. I was confused by the sound. I cannot tell how I opened the back door. It had not been used for over four years, and was tied with those big ropes with which truck drivers use to pull their trucks out of the mud during the rainy season. I had three people's strength to untie the rope, and I was standing behind the house when everybody was in the front.

I looked around to see what produced the horrible noise but saw nothing. I ran in the direction of the pit lavatory to see if the sound came from there. But no, it could not come from that direction because I heard the people shouting at the top of their voices from the front of the house.

"Wonderful big, big bird! Wonderful! Na wonders this wai God di show we today," they kept shouting. I ran to the front door where the people were crowded and I saw everyone looking toward heaven at the gigantic animal.

They held their hands over their foreheads to shade them from the glare of the mid-day sun. What they saw was reflected on their faces in expressions of curiosity and fear. The bird did not fly away as other birds do. It stood still as if it were deciding in which direction it should fly. The people wondered why it did not fly away, or why it did not perch on a tree. They were amazed by the fact that it could stand in the sky for such a long time; not on some very tall branches that were hidden in the sky, but from where the sun shone.

"Big, big bird!" they kept shouting and yelling. In comparison, an elephant in the sky would look like a small pigeon from the United Kingdom. The size of the bird was beyond description. It was enormously big, and I found it very difficult to guess the approximate size. The head was horrible to look at. The mouth was so big it could swallow Atok's hair and nail without any strain. But fortunately, there was something like a barbed wire muzzling its mouth. Through this barbed wire, you could see that it was chewing something. God bless the animal it had in its clutches. Along the sides of its body were six little holes. These holes were in the shape of an oval, and the anxious neighbors guessed that it breathed through them. They called these holes its nose. The tail is difficult to describe, but it was somewhat like that of a fish. As a matter of fact, the bird really resembled a fish although fish have no wings and they do not fly. Some of the people called it a

whale, while others called it an air elephant.

Everyone in the village was now outside his little ramshackle hut looking at the bird and suggesting what it might be. The bird was quiet and its zuuu–uuu–zuuu–ing had ceased for a while. The crowd took the advantage to inquire where it had come from and all about it.

"Where you come? Where you go? Who you be, man for God or who? Tell we quick-quick or make you savy say we go shoot you just now." The people yelled at the bird which stood staring at the frightened crowd below. The monster was aware that its audience was terribly afraid of it. So, at times, it flew a little lower and each time, the people became more frightened.

Papa Mada could not stand the stare of the bird any longer. He called Titi and said, "Titi, my gon, go bring my gon for me. I go shoot this bird just now." Titi did not hear what he had said. She was attracted by the blues and reds of the bird. These colors formed the design of a Union Jack Flag.

Papa Mada did not want to waste any time, so he ran into his house and unfastened his gun from the bamboo ceiling. He took the gun-powder which was in a small black gourd from the head of his bed. He measured some grains of the powder in his flat palm and tried to stuff it into the gun. However, the gun resisted because of the sand which Atok had stuffed inside while fooling with the gun.

When Papa Mada ran back to the crowd, he found that everybody was now on his knees. The bird had frightened them so much that they were praying for protection from either a christian god or from a pagan one. "O ma God exchuse ma bad. I be do bad, I be do bad too muste. Take me for Maria and Yesus them hands amen." This confiteor could be heard from every lip that afternoon. The pagans brought out their gods and fell to worship them. Most of the gods were chickens kept to rot for weeks; others were something black, made out of old broken blankets, wood-ash, red palm oil, and other corrupted stuff. They were decorated with cowries, shells, British half-pennies and tops of beer bottles. The sight was terrible, sickening.

When the people prayed harder, it seemed as if the bird had heard their prayers and it would fly higher in the sky. But when the people ceased praying for awhile, it would fly down a little lower than before. The last time it flew downward as if it were going to perch in a tree and it dropped something from its beak. The people all ran to the place where this thing had fallen. It did not look like the feather of any bird.

The thing that fell from the monster's mouth, or from some part of its body, was pink and oblong. It was not very big but, I guess, it was as long as Titi's table spoon and as wide as the little platter Atok

used in the evening for his aschu bread. This pinkish thing was shiny and soft to touch. Not as soft as the silken softness of feathers, but very much like a piece of paper.

The villagers were really afraid to pick up this pink thing to see what it was. Mada picked it up with two little sticks and examined it very closely. The thing did not move, nor did it show any sign of life. He took it in his hands and the people shouted at him to drop it to the ground. He examined it again, and decided he was not going to drop it.

Mada ran to the mission to show the object to the Irish priest who served Mass for the christians in the neighboring villages. Mada ran up to the front door into the priest's office and knocked.

"Quack–quack–quack, who dey for house? Fara dey? Fara, I bring big big nus, big big one fara!" he emphasized. But there was no answer. He waited for five minutes and knocked harder. The house boy was very lazy because the sun was very hot. He was afraid the priest had come earlier than he had planned and would find the house very dirty. When this hard knocking reached Sim, he jumped out from his tartart mat and began to busy himself sweeping the pineapple skins he had just thrown on the floor.

"Who dey for this house, Fara Yoshep?" Mada inquired. Father's name was Father Joseph McKenzie but the natives had changed it to suit their own pronunciation. They called it Fara Yoshep Market-Zinc.

The house boy came out and told Mada that "fara" had gone to Tiko to celebrate Mass for the villagers there. Mada explained everything to Sim who had been sleeping and missed the excitement that afternoon. Sim could not imagine the size of the bird. Mada kept telling him, "Oh no! no no that one too small; iy big pass hawke."

Mada suggested that Sim look in Father's bible. Perhaps they would find a picture of that type of bird in the section where God put all the animals in the Ark with Noah. The bible was a picture bible, but they did not find any animal as big as the bird the villagers had just seen. He really thought he would find a picture of the bird and take it to the anxious crowd awaiting the priest. Failing to find a picture, Mada went back to the people who were now watching the cloudless sky where the bird had disappeared, and told them the priest was not at home.

They stood there with vague expressions on their faces, disappointed to have let the bird fly away without their killing it, or without it telling them who it was and from where it had come. Mada asked them to go home, and on the next day they would meet under the big tree where the priest used to teach them doctrine.

The next morning they were all gathered under the mahogany tree. The priest was late this morning and he was surprised to see the people

already gathered. The priest knew the villagers were always late for their doctrine lessons. But today he was sure the people had news for him, so he hurried and as he approached, he said in a friendly voice,

"Fara don sleep plenty, Fara don come late."

"Fara look like he don tire plenty. You slipe fine?" Mada inquired

"Yes, my kombi, I sleep plenty because I tire plenty too." Father Joseph always called Papa Mada my kombi (this means my friend) because he knew him better than the other villagers.

Papa Mada could not wait for other questions to be asked before he told the story of the bird. "Fara, we see wonders yesarday. Some kinda bird be fly for we head house for san time and we think say the worl go finish small time."

"How big the bird iy be be? Father inquired.

"Fara, see, this na the bird iy feara." He handed the "feather" to the priest. The priest took it and at once smiled because he knew what the feather was. He had seen such feathers in his own country. It was difficult to obtain such feathers because you had to work hard to earn them, and when you got them, you could buy some little goodies in the drugstore in Trafalgar Square. He told the people that the world wasn't going to end, because if the world were to end, he would have known. The people, however, insisted upon knowing the name of the bird and wondered if they could hunt it in their forests. Father told them that such birds came from far away and that they were few. Some of the people suggested that they could hunt it only in the night when it was asleep. Father told them that the bird had gone back from where it had come, and they would not see it for a very long time.

The people were sorry to go away without knowing when they would see a bird as big as that again. They were, however, content to know that the bird was the king of all other birds in the sky.

Four-Throated Haiku

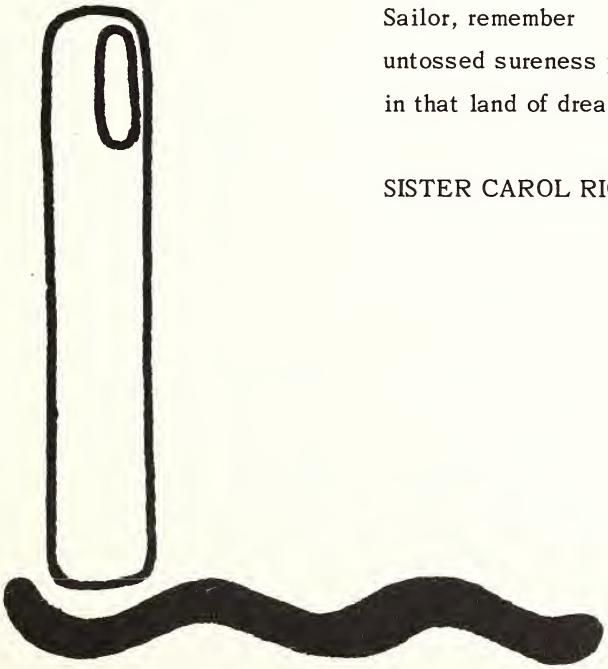
See how the wind whips
flailing severed leaves from the
tree that will not bend.

Lingering on the
umber edge of westward, the
day prepares to die.

Lighthouse
clinging to the edge of solidity
watched only by birds.

Sailor, remember
untossed sureness you once had
in that land of dreams.

SISTER CAROL RICHARD, CSJ



Despair

Hot yellow eye of day
Closed tightly over moon-tinted
Night
Suffocating,
Entangled——like a thread in a
Twisting vortex.
Heat writhes on
Salting fertile ground,
Pulsing
Shapeless in its flushed
Secrets,
With eyes inside out
I stare at the sound of a
Cry hanging mid-air.

PAMELA BRUNS

Sorry I Asked

SHIRLEY A. HURTA

Life with a scientist isn't all it's made out to be. As a matter of fact, it's rather like being married to a high school physics book —— interesting reading, but not much of a plot. You see, it's just that everything is based on fact. He doesn't speak in sentences, he speaks in syllogisms. There is an explanation for everything, and —— well here, let me give you a few examples.

You're sitting on the beach watching the golden sun drift through the orange-hued sky. You move a little closer, put your head on his shoulder and sigh.

"Isn't it wonderful how the brush of nature paints such vivid pictures against the waiting horizon?" you say.

"Well, actually," he says, "nature doesn't exactly 'paint'. The color is dependent on two things: the atmosphere and the angle at which we observe the sun. The sun transmits light rays that are white. As they pass through the atmosphere, they are refracted by the various densities of the gases. The length of the wave that is refracted determines the color."

All you wanted was a simple "Umm Hmm".

So you pick up a nearby seashell, amazed at how you can hear the sound of the ocean inside.

"Hey, listen to this," you say. He does. He says,

"Isn't it amazing how you can hear the echo of sound waves vibrating back and forth! You see, wind is air in motion, but sound is the vibration of matter. There are several types of vibrations: forced, sympathetic, and resonance . . ."

Twenty minutes (and several chapters) later, you decide to try again.

"Boy, it's cold out here. What's the temperature?"

"Farenheidt, Centigrade or Kelvin?" he answers.

As you're driving home, you glance at the speedometer and gently hint ——

"Isn't sixty miles an hour a little fast for a Volkswagon?"

"Well, actually," he replies, "many things are included in this. First there is the speed, which is the magnitude of the velocity . . ." as he goes into the mathematical explanation of the difference between vectors and scalars.

All you wanted was to go a little slower.

And it's one thing after another:

The drawers don't just "stick," they expand because of the heat and humidity.

Lights don't just "burn out" – the filament has not built up enough resistance to stop the surge current.

Water doesn't just "flow" down a drain – it disappears in a vortex because of the earth's spin.

Just once, you'd like to hear a simple "yes" or "no" answer!

Oh, yes. Here's the best part. All that knowledge that is so practical at work somehow becomes only theoretical at home —— the radio hasn't worked in two months.

Of course, there are some good things about life with a scientist. You never know when you'll need Newton's Third Law explained!

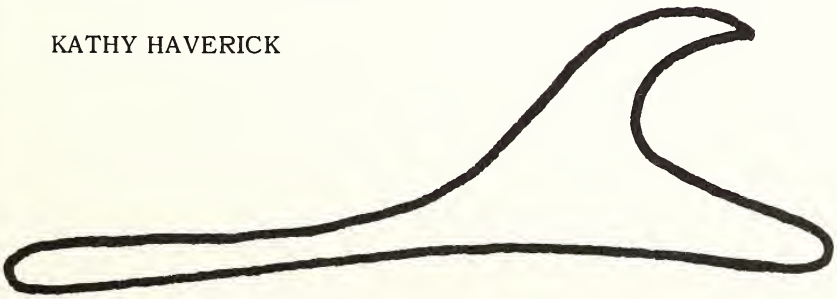
The Immoralist

Under the flawless blue
skies of Tunis we sit,
fanning flies and watching
the lithe brown boys,
Arabs, clamoring along
the narrow streets.
The tall Goths are forgotten;
there is nothing here but
lime stone and sand, and the sun
stretching between simoon and sirocco.

Beneath the merciless azure
sky in the parks of Tunis,
we seek shade and suck
fruits tarnished with flies,
The French estate is to be sold.
The sands cough up warm wind;
the winds choke with sand.

Like wingless flies, we crawl,
crushed by the searing blue
Tunisian sky. Maggot-brown,
clamoring, meaningless, like the
Arab-boys, we let the juices
of these fruits drip down
our chins dry in the wind.
The sand scrapes against itself
sighing "Michel.
Michel, where is Marceline?"

KATHY HAVERICK



Misunderstanding: A Triolet

I didn't know it mattered so,
A ring is such a tiny gift;
But when I saw your pale cheeks glow
I didn't know it mattered so,
I thought pure scorn commanded, Go!
When your small chin gave such a lift.
I took the ring, I didn't know,
A ring is such a tiny gift.

JEANNE BURNHAM

Love Song

I love you as I have never
loved any one
But there are others I have
loved each one
As I will never love you.

HELEN DWOJAK

Confusion

Why do I sit,
chain smoking a cloud
of mentholated nervousness?

BARBARA MOSELLIE

Definition

freshmen
are a stepped
on lot, being ever
squashed--under, out, by the Upperness
of Us.

STEPHANIE LEWIS

At the Mount

Mother
and father quail
strut proudly in front as
they take their brood out to dinner
at dusk.

Coyotes
whine and howl. Guards –
men of the night, they tell
the moon and silent hills that all
is well.

SISTER MARIE FRANCIS, CSJ

A Man Needs

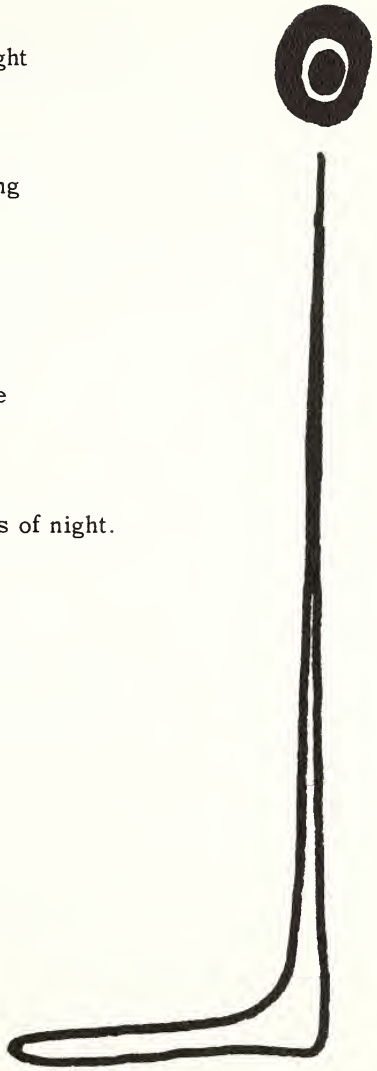
A Man needs tall Sons
to tote
his
Promises

TERRI RENGA

Doors of Night

We passed through green doors of night
into ashes of wind
follies of turned down smiles
and a sky like the charred and burning
clothes of time
and behind the door that day
I saw the night inside the night
and thought this skinny sad winter
would never be wedding hands of fire
jumping to say hello
jumping to say hello
as we passed through the green doors of night.

DIANE DOANE



Gesundheit

MARY KELLETT

Someday when I am a famous writer, I will be called on to write an article for *Reader's Digest.* The title of my article will be "How I Died a Quarter of a Million Times and Lived to Tell it." I can see my story now, with the title in big blue letters on a beige colored page.

Now that you know the title, I'll tell you what the famous article is about. Actually, I have done quite a lot of medical research, I figured out that I sneeze an average of three times a day. I read some place, in my youth, that everytime you sneeze your heart stops beating. The consequence is not as drastic as it seems, the heart simply skips a beat. But I think the more dramatic my article, the more the public will "digest" it. Anyway, if I sneeze three times a day, 365 days for twenty years, it is an average of 23,900 sneezes. Or, in round figures 250,000 sneezes per my life time. Or in even more dramatic terms, a quarter of a million lost heart beats. For the average human being this dilemma could be harmful, therefore, I feel it my duty to present the cold facts on sneezing to the public for their immediate attention.

While I am on the subject of losing heart beats, I would like to describe some of the techniques of sneezing. For example, I was noticing the way girls sneeze. Some girls have cute little squeaks that sound like the noise a mouse would make if you stepped on his tail. Few girls however, sneeze in a feminine manner. The most noticeable type is the sneeze of a girl trying to impress a boy with her sophistication while she is suffering from a miserable cold. The usual execution of the sneeze is that when she feels a sneeze coming on, she grabs for a kleenex, places it to her lips, and then very gently blows a hole in the soft tissue with her loud sneeze. All the while her date is unaware of the catastrophe taking place, and he considerately tries to overlook her

embarrassment.

Another variation of the sneezing technique is that of the girl who tries to save herself by holding the outburst in, an attempt which generally results in disaster. Either she will turn blue in her effort to abort the sneeze, or she ends up spraying her sneeze over a large radius. This type of sneezing is unhealthy because of the danger of blowing her brains out or of rupturing her ear drum. The only successful way to avoid a sneeze is to look toward the sun when you feel a sneeze coming on.

The most normal sneeze comes in a series of three in a row. This is also the most healthful because it not only releases all tensions at once, but the heart can skip beats in a rhythmic tempo which causes less strain on the entire cardiac system. Of course the best time to sneeze is in the direct sunlight; any old wife will tell you that sneeze is a sign of good health.

These are only a few of the observations I have made in my research into this problem that plagues all people who sneeze frequently. For further details, a conclusion, and maybe even a solution watch for my article in the *Digest*, until then, "gesundheit."

Alone:

We crept
to the edge of the sea,
Chancing the sting of white-capped waves
On toes tender with protection.

But shocked by frozen fingers
Grabbed too quickly,
We retreated:
Alone.

JULIA REED

Blinders

There goes hook-nosed Annabelle
Shuffling . . . "ugly, ugly Annie."
And on his boarded step Paddy
Curls pipe smoke in his wrinkles
And recites to no one (but he says it's her).
Sometimes a greasy ball plops in the gutter.
Then stickmen children stare with sunken eyes.
(They always stare.)
Madeline's getting fatter . . . "Wicked Madeline."
She giggles with her mouth but her eyes are stiff
Since he ran. And through the corkwood
Judy screams . . . "tut, tut" . . . twelve and mother-hating.
Chocolate Nelly slips through shadows.
(Streets are for people.)
Clip-clop. Clip-clop. Here comes a horse wearing blinders
And people with dark glasses rounded.

CHRISTA MAINZER

Demon Eyes: Cat

Hook of Wet green
Flame met winch and leaped
From witches' pits —— dancing into
Night's black feathers,
Shimmering on moonlight blocks.
Marbles exploding into shock of
Creature's savagry;
Dawn.
Shadow-glance fading into
Day-blaze and yestereve's
Scars.

PAM BRUNS

Drink Me, Eat Me

KATHLEEN KIMBAL

Lewis Carroll wrote the story of a Victorian little girl, Alice, who dropped down a rabbit hole into a wonderland of distortion, illogic, and general nonsense. John Steinbeck in *East of Eden* created Cathy Ames Trask, a "psychic monster," a woman who has no conscience. Alice and Cathy are related; they have a mutual sense of distortion. With Alice it is an external distortion; she grows big or small by eating or drinking. It is an internal mutation for Cathy; she is an outwardly pretty girl and woman who possesses no moral sense. She is intrinsically evil and she too can grow small by eating. Despite the differences of story and character, Cathy fulfills *Alice in Wonderland.* Moreover, Steinbeck introduces the Alice symbol to insure that our judgment is not distorted. Cathy Trask is not to be evil incarnate but a woman out of focus with the rest of the world. We learn this through her best friend, Alice.

The book and character of Alice are mentioned twice in East of Eden. The first explicit mention is at the beginning of Cathy's story when she is sixteen. The second reference is near the end of the book and at the end of Cathy's life. She is forty and contemplating suicide.

Steinbeck has already introduced his character, Cathy, and established that she is precocious and quietly evil when Alice is first mentioned. He has shown how Cathy is adult even as a child because she

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Charles Dodgson, Alice in Wonderland, *The Lewis Carroll* Book (New York: Dial Press, 1931), pp. 5-112. All quotations will come from this edition.

John Steinbeck, *East of Eden* (New York: Bantam Books, 1952). All quotations will come from this edition.

can see people for what they are, but only with half-sight. She knows only their weaknesses, their stupidity. She can never see good since she does not possess it herself. Therefore, at first it seems to the reader illogical to find Cathy reading *Alice*. Cathy has been portrayed as coldly logical, constantly calculating, in all, above joyful fantasy. But *Alice in Wonderland* is a masterpiece of logic and its fantasy is distorted truth. Therefore reading *Alice* is not inconsistent with Cathy's character; but the reference in *East of Eden* is so brief and unexpected that it startles the reader.

In this first scene, Cathy is lying in bed reading, and she is late for school. This setting is faintly reminiscent of Alice lying under a tree looking into her sister's book when the rabbit runs by declaring he is late. Cathy's mother finds her and asks why she isn't ready for school. She is stunned when Cathy states that she is not going back to school, ever. Then Cathy's mother irrelevantly asks,

> What's that book you're hiding?
> Here, I'm not hiding it.
> OH! *Alice in Wonderland.* You're too big for that.
> Cathy says, 'I can get to be so little you can't even see me.'
> What in the world are you talking about?
> Nobody can find me. (p. 72).

That is all. The argument shifts, then ends abruptly with Cathy's mother declaring that her father will take care of her that evening. The incident is normal. It is the mood that is uneasy and disturbing especially to Cathy's mother, who sits motionless at a window, frightened of her own daughter.

The mention of *Alice in Wonderland* and the puzzling statement, "I can be so little you can't even see me," are finally clarified in Cathy's last scene in *East of Eden*. She has become Kate, a sadistic madam of a brothel, still almost childlike in appearance but becoming distorted by arthritis.

> Her face and her laughter were childlike and innocent . . .
> seemed fresh and young. The man looked down at her hand
> and saw it wrinkled as a pale monkey's paw. (pp. 287-88).

Mentally she is crumbling too. Although she cannot grasp the good side of men or the force of a conscience, Cathy has always suspected a lack in herself. At first this doubt is only a thread in her mind but her alienation from the world around her grows wider and wider until she becomes a neurotic. So in this last scene, she has reached the bottom of mental depression and withdraws into her unlighted lean-to, a kind of "dark burrow in the earth" (p. 419), that is closed to all, just as Alice drops into her rabbit hole.

In the room, Cathy drops down and leans on her desk, remembering

that as a

> very small girl, most of the time she knew she was smarter and prettier than anyone else. But now and then a lonely fear would fall upon her so that she seemed surrounded by a tree tall forest of enemies. Then every thought and word was aimed to hurt her, and she had no place to run and no place to hide. And she would cry in panic because there was no escape and no sanctuary. Then one day she was reading a book. She could read when she was five years. She remembered the book —— brown with a silver title and the cloth was broken and the boards thick. It was *Alice in Wonderland.* (p. 487).

This is the first real glimpse of Cathy's reason for reading *Alice;* Alice is an escape and sanctuary. This passage also points out the human instincts of Cathy that are too easily forgotten and lost in her moral depravity, her murders, and torturings. As we lose sight of humanity in a man distorted monstrously by disease or birth, so we also lose pity for a man who is evil and has committed a heinous crime. What we lose is a balance of judgment and to insure and reinforce that this does not happen with Cathy, we have Alice.

Alice has the key to solving Cathy's fears. All Alice needs to do is drink from a phial or eat a bit of mushroom to control her growth. So as a child, Cathy carries around a bottle of sugar water with a "red framed label of 'Drink Me' " (p. 488). This is Cathy's "threat and safety" (p. 488). She pretends that by drinking it she can be under a cloverleaf, in an anthole, or even walk under a door.

> And always there is Alice to play with, Alice to love her and trust her. Alice is her friend, always waiting to welcome her to tinyness. (p. 488).

All of this is a "glorious" escape from her enemies, and from her dim feeling of inadequacy. But Cathy has never had to escape completely. This bottle has been her "reserve —— guarded from everyone. And Cathy never has to drink all of 'Drink Me' because she has Alice" (p. 488).

This is Cathy as a child completely conscious of *Alice.* The adult logic and primness of Alice appeals to Cathy who has always thought she too was smarter than anyone else. She must have read the section closely where Alice finds her walled room with the three legged, solid glass table with its golden key. The key is to the "loveliest garden you ever saw" (Carroll, p. 10); but the door to the garden is too small. Then Alice finds a bottle with a paper label saying "Drink Me." But Alice is a wise child and "is not going to do *that* in a hurry" (Carroll, p. 10). After she examines, she drinks it, shrinks, and then waits "for it might end, you know, says Alice, in my going out altogether like a candle. I wonder what I would be like then?" (Carroll, p. 10).

This unknown, this "going out altogether," has always fascinated Cathy yet she has not needed to investigate. Then, as she grows older, she forgets Alice. Not until she is constantly bothered by arthritic pain and mistakenly expecting revelation of her crimes, is she reminded again of Alice. The final mental shock that brings Alice to mind is the overwhelming realization that it was not that she has something that the world lacks, but that "they have something she lacks and she doesn't know what it is" (p. 488). It is as Steinbeck says, "to the monster the norm must seem monstrous" (p. 63). Once Cathy has broken her impenetrable shell of superiority, "once she knows this (lack), she is ready; and once ready, she knows she has been ready for a long time —— perhaps all of her life." (p. 488).

Cathy in her evil has always been practical; she has always left herself a way out. She has done the same for her mental horror. Around her neck she wears a chain.

> On the chain are strung two safe-deposit keys, a gold watch with a fleur-de-lis pin, and a little steel tube with a ring on its top. (p. 412).

In the steel tube there is one gelatine capsule containing six grains of morphine.

By wearing and carrying this tube, Cathy is imitating Alice. For after Alice had experimented with the "eat me" cake and "drink me" phial, she was finally advised by the caterpillar to take two sides of the mushroom, he was sitting on, to control her growth. Cathy has only one side, a capsule of morphine grains which make her grow smaller until she is no more.

Alice carried her pieces of mushroom around until she finally returned to the walled room that led into the garden. She says there,

> Now, I'll manage better this time! . . . Then she set to work nibbling at the mushroom (she had kept a piece of it in her pocket), then she walked down the little passage; and *then* —— she found herself at last in the beautiful garden, among the bright flower-beds and the cool fountains. (Carroll, p. 68).

Cathy carries her tube of morphine grains. She is always handling it, simply glad of its presence and the escape it offers.

> She felt for the capsule hanging in its tube on the chain around her neck, she rubbed the metal tube, warm from her breast, against her cheek, and her courage came back . . . it was comfort and reassurance. (pp. 468-69).

But she is finally driven into her gray room which like Alice's room is the only room to freedom. For Cathy it is freedom from the haunting fear that the outside world is distorted and moving against her. For Alice it is the room to the beautiful garden, an escape from the confusing, contradicting rest of Wonderland.

Therefore, after she remembers all that Alice represented and meant to her, Cathy takes the chain out from her bodice, unscrews the little tube and shakes the gelatin capsule into her hand.

> She smiles at it. 'eat me,' she says and puts the capsule in her mouth. She picks up the tea cup. 'Drink me' she says and swallows the bitter cold tea. (p. 489).

Like Alice she has to wait a few minutes before any effect is felt and before she gets smaller and smaller. But Cathy goes beyond Alice. "Alice doesn't know. I'm going right on past". (p. 490). As Alice wondered how it would be to go all the way, if it would be like a candle blown out, so Cathy goes past and takes the final dose.

> The gray room darkens and the cone of light flows and ripples like water. (p. 490).

Alice is right. It is like a candle rippling, wavering, and then going out.

Cathy thought she would just get small enough to walk with Alice "through the nail hole, as tiny as the head of a pin" (p. 490). But as she is dying the "dizzy nausea" of what she has done shakes her and she is terrified.

> Her heart beats solemnly and her breathing slows as she grows smaller and smaller and then disappears -- and she has never been. (p. 490).

Yet Cathy actually has followed her Victorian friend to the end. Alice too lost control of her growing at the end of her journey in Wonderland. Without being able to stop it, Alice grew larger and larger. "Just at this moment Alice felt a very curious sensation, which puzzled her a good deal until she made out what it was: she was beginning to grow larger again" (Carroll, p. 99). So Cathy grows smaller and smaller and she too can not stop it.

Alice and Cathy are two sides of each other. They do the same but differently. Alice is the light side and so in the end she has to grow larger to get closer to the light, to the real. Cathy is the dark side. She grows smaller and smaller touching the ground, the bottom of all things and she goes out as she came in -- in darkness.

John Steinbeck created a human monster, a woman without a sense of goodness. Cathy Ames Trask seemingly stood alone against a world of good people. But she did have one best friend. They did everything together and tried to be just alike against the rest of the distorted world.

> Cathy and Alice walked among towering grass, arms around each other -- best friends. (p. 488).

Why More Cat Poems Than Dog?

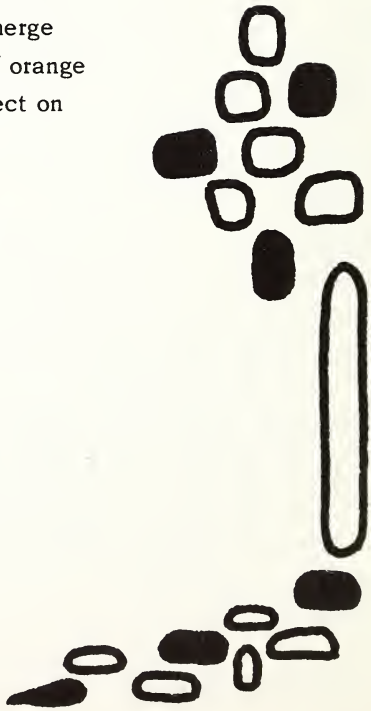
Cats walk poetry, each perfect paw
Exquisite in velveted power;
But dogs nail-clack irreverent mud
Over spotless floors.
Cats' tails direct symphonies of
Cat-concerts, ballet-balance on fences,
Wrap muff-warm round paws tucked neat.
But dogs' tails trail brambles, hug
Frightened stomach tight, wag
Into vases and faces.
Cats' tongues, tiny, groom fur
Seal-sleek; lick pink nose milk-free,
Slick whiskers brisk.
While dogs tongues drip like
Icicles in thaw, moisten balls
And sticks retrieved, lick
Sloppy kisses lavish on friends.
Cats couldn't care less what
Men think; choose their company
Meticulous, bestow favors (a purr,
A rub) when fancy pleases.
But dogs, mouth agape in idiot grin,
Hang on man's whims, subservient
Ears set for man's command or rebuke,
Gambolling grateful for bone or kick.
Cats are unperturbed;
Dogs, absurd.

JEANNE BURNHAM

Autumn

When my eyes were only five years old,
they saw a circus-banner world,
splashed with colors: a red barn and cow, a
red cardinal and a russet setter.
sun tinselled the road yellow,
and autumn trees were checkered brown
and gold. the world blended shades of light,
and my eyes saw colors no one ever saw before.
at twenty i see streaks of crimson in the
sunset; from a hill, street lights merge
diamonds to rubies. Variations of orange
and white gingham in the sky reflect on
trees, but autumn is
still red and gold.

FRANCINE BELL



Summer's Haze and Winter's Light

HELEN DWOJAK

You're probably wondering what this thing is all about. So I guess that's what I'm going to tell you. It happened when I was a kid, eight years ago. Not that I'm so old now, but I feel like I'm a hundred and fifty plus. I'm sixteen so I guess you know that I was eight when it happened. You also might like to know that it happened during the summer. Wait a minute though —— I have to tell you that my sister was there too. She's grown up now. She's married and has a little boy with a runny nose who stays in and watches T.V. all the time.

Anyway, it was July and like most kids we had waited for summer, half of the winter and all of spring. The heat came —— hot and moist. No, it wasn't just moist, it was wet and heavy —— it hung over you like a tent. But then, we were kids and there was something about summer when you were a kid. You sort of lived every minute of it —— breathing a little deeper, running harder, straying farther from home —— just lapping it up.

Well, let's get back to what happened —— I don't want to get too arty. So we went swimming a lot because of the heat and all. We always went swimming in this spring that fed our swamp. It was cool and clear. Not the swamp —— the spring. That gets us right to the story. I hope I'm not boring you but I feel like I should tell somebody about this. Well, you yawned. That's why I thought maybe I was boring you or something. I mean I don't blame you because it's sort of a dull story. So anyway let's get back to the swamp. See we had this swamp that was pretty close to our house and we used to play there all the

time. Well we weren't allowed to play there but you know kids -- we did anyway. That thing was full of life -- snakes, frogs, bugs, birds, and an occasional log that we were certain was an alligator. God, we really loved that place and we knew every corner of it -- every path, every dead end, every stump that would hold you up, and every clump of grass that wouldn't.

On that Monday morning my sister Holly and I met the other kids and we took off for the swamp, which means of course, we went in the opposite direction until we were hidden by trees. We quickly circled and entered the swamp. Holly, who was fourteen and the oldest said, "Now be careful! Don't fall in."

To that, Richard answered, "Shuddup Granny." That really broke us up. He always called her that and it always broke us up. But it was already too hot to laugh very long.

We fooled around for awhile then out of a clear, blue sky Janice says, "Hey, let's play find the snake."

Boy, I sure didn't want to play that so I said kind of coolly, "Nah, That's no fun, let's play find the turtle or find the frog."

Richard screwed up his face and said, "Oh yeah, you're just afraid of snakes, we know."

"I am not." I yelled. Boy, that kid made me mad. But he was bigger than me and besides it was true. I was really scared of them -- I almost wet my pants every time one came near me.

When I didn't jump on him or hit him or anything, he got pretty confident. "You are too. How come you always grab Holly's hand when you see one? And sometimes you jump. I seen you." Well naturally everybody had a good laugh at that. He was a real humorist, that kid was. I could have killed him, but I didn't.

We played find the snake for a while and as you probably know, I didn't look very hard. I kind of stuck close to Holly. Martin, a sour-faced little kid from across the street found the most. He usually won because he'd go anywhere to get a snake, even in the water.

As usual, we stayed in the swamp all day doing whatever we pleased. We caught some polywags but we let them go. Holly got mad if we let them die. You know, it's not that we meant to let them die, we'd sort of forget about them until it was too late. She'd try to give them artificial respiration and yell, "Stupids!" Boy, what a vocabulary she had when she was mad.

Richard would whisper, "We're sorry, Granny." We'd run off, feeling a little sad, but laughing ourselves breathless.

In the afternoon we were near the spring. Our clothes were wet from the heat so we all went for a swim. If you've never been in a

swamp, you can't imagine the noise, especially when there are kids in it. The summer is noisy anyway you know. But in a swamp when kids are screaming along with millions of bugs, frogs, and birds, you can come pretty close to losing your mind if you think about it.

Anyway, back to the story -- I'm sure you'd like me to finish this in the next fifty years. We started home before it got dark. When we got to the edge of the swamp it was dusk and not a bit cooler. Somebody said, "Hey, where's Martin?" We looked around and couldn't see him in the darkening swamp.

Holly yelled, "Martin. Come on, we're leaving. Where are you?" The only answer was the regular noise of the swamp.

Then Richard said, "He's just hiding. He wants us to go look for him. Come on, leave him here. We'd better get home before they come looking for us."

Because of the heat, we had a cold supper. But it was so hot that I didn't even feel like eating that. After a while old Martin's mother came over looking for him. She talked to mom for a while then they both said to us, "Have you kids seen Martin today?"

"Yes," we answered.

"Where did you see him?"

"Over in the fields," I lied.

"Did you see him on your way home?" asked Martin's mother.

"No," I answered truthfully.

They asked us some more questions. Holly didn't say too much except things like, "I don't know," and "I don't remember." God, she sounded like she was in court or something. You know me, I lied up a storm. Finally the two of them went off to look for Martin.

Holly turned into a real wet blanket. She didn't say anything for about ten years. So I said kind of cheerfully, "Hey, hey Holly, let's go out on the back porch. It might be cooler out there." It took her about six-hundred years to get up and go out. It wasn't any cooler out there anyway. The crickets and tree-frogs were shouting at each other but we weren't even talking. We just sat there. I concentrated on watching the lightning bugs for a while and devising a means of lighting the city at very low cost. Then I said, "Listen, I've got an idea. Let's get some bottles and catch some lightning bugs. We can put them in our bedrooms tonight. Then we won't have to turn on our lights." She said something but I couldn't hear her so I said, "What?" Right away, I knew I shouldn't have said it.

She looked at me and said very emphatically, "I'm going to have to tell them."

"Tell who, what?"

"I'm going to have to tell them that we were in the swamp with Martin today. And I'm going to have to tell them that he didn't come out with us," she said almost mechanically.

"Oh! Well that's just fine. Just fine."

"What if something happened to him?"

"Who?"

"Martin, stupid." That's one of the things I like about my sister, she never talked to me like I was a little kid or anything. Then she said, "What if he fell in the water?"

"He can swim."

"Well, what if he fell in the mud? You, even you, know how that mud is —— it's deep, it's like quicksand," she said shrilly.

I thought, "Boy, is she dramatic. She ought to be on the stage." But I didn't say anything. I decided that it was safest if I kept my mouth shut.

Well, needless to say, she ran off and told them. As I remember, we got in an awful lot of trouble too. But the most exciting thing was that the police came. Holly didn't feel very well and went to bed early. But I stuck around for a while. They had lights and everything. They were going into the swamp to look for Martin. I asked if I could go along to kind of show them around. Everybody ignored me except my mother. She gave me a cuff over my left ear, so I went to bed instead. Throughout the night I could hear them shouting Martin's name in the swamp though.

I wasn't too surprised when I got up in the morning and mom said that they hadn't found him. She was still pretty mad at me so I left the house early. Holly was still in bed when I left. As soon as I found the kids we all started talking about Martin, at once.

Richard was the first one to say, "What if he's dead?" Dead. It hadn't even occurred to me that he could be dead. It was a new and exciting word to all of us. We talked about that until we got bored which was about two seconds, maybe three. Then we toyed with the idea of organizing our own search party, but we knew that nobody would let us go in the swamp. So we dropped the idea. Pretty soon we were talking about something else and Martin was forgotten for the time being.

They looked for him for a long time I guess. I don't really remember when they stopped. I do remember that it was a long time before it was safe for us to sneak back into the swamp. Holly never went back there with us again. In fact I couldn't even tell her when we went because she'd have told on us, I just knew she would. She didn't hang around with us very much anymore, anyway. It's really funny but when we went back we all felt like Martin was there. We used to yell,

"H–e–l–l–o Martin. How are you today?" And each time we left we'd yell, "Good–b–y–e Martin," so that it actually became a kind of a thing with us.

So anyway, that's the story I wanted to tell you. I guess it might have bored you a little, but you should have been there. It was pretty exciting at the time. I guess the reason I wanted to tell you is that I went back there the other day. And you know how cold it is now? Well I walked down to the swamp. It's frozen, you know. I walked out on the ice and looked around. Boy, everything's frozen down there, you know. Really frozen. So I looked around for a while and listened for some birds or frogs or something. But I guess they've gone south, or else they're hibernating or something. It was pretty quiet in there, you know that? Anyway, I guess that's why I wanted to tell you about it —— because I'd been over there the other day and all.

. . . more to be changed, to be risked,
to be chosen —— before the city of man
achieves its destined likeness to the
city of God.''

SISTER MARY WILLIAM (IHM)

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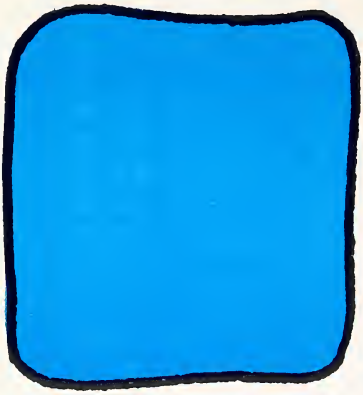
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